St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

CANADA SURPRISES ITSELF
—Harry Lorin Binsse

THE

Commonweal

THE INTELLECTUAL AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

by Edward L. Rousseau

The Other Two-Thirds

by Neil P. Hurley

DAN JACOBSON'S BEST . . . . . by Robert Gutwillig
TRUCE WITH REALITY . . . . . by Jean Holzhauer
LESSONS OF THE BLITZ . . . . . by Anne Fremantle
ACADEMIC DUNCIAD . . . . . by Richard Horchler

ume LXVIII, No. 5 May 2, 1958 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spring Prospect

A number of questions of crucial importance to the American people will be coming to a head within the next several weeks. Should the United States agree to the long-sought summit meeting? If so, under what conditions? Should Washington decree tax cuts and/or set in motion pump-priming public works? Will the Christian Democrats stave off the Communists in this spring's important Italian election? What is to be the upshot in Algeria-Tunis, Indonesia, the embattled Middle East?

Questions such as these will be among those with which The Commonweal will be concerned in the weeks ahead. A trial subscription entered now will bring you an abundance of pertinent article and editorial comment on leading happenings in this country and others; it will also provide varied and stimulating analyses of current books, plays and movies. Yet the more than three hundred pages of consistently good reading brought by such a subscription costs you only $2. Use the attached coupon or a reasonable facsimile.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:
13 ISSUES FOR $2
FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2. Send The Commonweal for the next 13 weeks to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

5/2/58

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 115

The Intellectual and the American Dream *by Edward L. Rousseau* 119

Canada Surprises Itself *by Harry Lorin Binsse* 122

The Other Two-Thirds *by Neil P. Hurley* 125

Liturgy and Language *by John Cogley* 127

The Screen *by Philip T. Hartung* 128

The Stage *by Richard Hayes* 128

Communications 129

Books 132

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Contributing Editors
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly and printed in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

Copyright © 1958 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year, Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS AGAIN

AN ARTICLE in the April 16th *Christian Century* called "Parochial Divisions in American Life" raises some interesting questions. What, asks Professor John W. Dykstra of Utica College, is the effect of parochial schools on our society as a whole? "Do they produce the kind of citizens that a democracy must have if it is to function well? Or do they rather exercise a divisive influence?"

As far as Mr. Dykstra is concerned, his question seems more rhetorical than real. He thinks parochial schools *are* divisive, and he deplores the fact. In the United States, he says, we have always had a fortunate overlapping of "we-group" identification; those who are not included in the "in-group" in one case will be included in another, and this fact works to prevent excessive antagonism. Now, however, Mr. Dykstra thinks the Roman Catholic hierarchy is "increasingly directing its efforts toward a reduction of those interreligious affiliations which contribute so much toward grass-roots understanding. Expanding the parochial school system appears to be a major phase of the hierarchy's program."

If Mr. Dykstra takes a dim view of parochial schools, he is enthusiastic about public schools. In his opinion "no more effective arrangement for combating religious bigotry could be conceived of than the public school system, which brings together youngsters of every religious faith." Attractive as this picture is, though, we think Mr. Dykstra seriously misunderstands the place of the parochial school in American life.

Americans live in a special kind of society—not Catholic or Congregationalist or Unitarian but pluralistic. In such a society there are certain things one just does not and cannot do.

One cannot, for example, tell religious Jews that they should give up dietary laws and the observance of the Sabbath on Saturday in the name of national unity. One cannot promote civic peace by telling Lutherans they must give up their central beliefs and merge with the Unitarians or face the charge of being divisive. One cannot command Quakers to give up their conscientious objections to bearing arms in order to be more like the "average American." And we think it is almost as pointless for Protestants to keep on telling Catholics their schools are divisive and should be abolished.

WE DO NOT want to be misunderstood on this point. Parochial schools are not to the Catholic what pacifism is to the Quaker. The Catholic Church in America would not wither away if all the parochial schools were to disappear tomorrow. (The Church of Silence behind the Iron Curtain, for example, survives under immeasurably greater difficulties.) But the parochial school system is very important to Catholics in America, as it is to a few Protestant and Jewish groups.

Although Catholics respect the need of and the good qualities in the public schools, they also believe they have severe limitations—limitations which may very well be unavoidable. Since education minus God and religious values is in the eyes of Catholics incomplete, they build parochial schools for their children. And Catholics are convinced, to use Mr. Dykstra's own words, that parochial schools do indeed produce the kind of citizens that a democracy must have.

Protestant leaders should not deceive themselves here. The hierarchy is not forcing Catholic schools upon a reluctant laity. It is quite true that Canon Law provides for such a system of education, but most of the pressure in the United States to build more schools is coming from parents—often, it should be noted, despite the real worries of pastors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and bishops, who fear the cost of the vast educational expansion parents are clamoring for.

All of us must remember that the division of American society into Catholic, Protestant, and Jew reflects real differences in religious beliefs. National unity certainly cannot be achieved by trying to force all into one common mold. But Americans of all religious beliefs, and of none, have always been able to work together on matters of common civic and social concern. Like Mr. Dykstra, we hope to see this area of agreement and cooperation grow ever larger. It will not, however, unless each religious body understands what institutions and practices other groups consider essential to their welfare or continued survival. Protestants would do well to realize that for most American Catholics parochial schools fall into this category.

The editors of this magazine, while recognizing the reality of religious differences, have always opposed any unnecessary fragmentation of American life. That such unnecessary divisions do occur is obvious; if there is not already a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Jewish Bird Watchers' Society, it is only because no one Catholic, Protestant or Jew has yet had the idea. But we regret attacks on the parochial schools, not because they will do them any harm—indeed, the effect is likely to be quite the opposite—but because they reduce the chances for cooperation in other vital areas.

AMERICA'S IMAGE

ANY AGENCY which sets out to present the United States to the other peoples of the world, as in the Brussels World's Fair, can expect criticism. In the preparatory stages the emphasis in the American exhibit called for a major decision. Should this be an occasion on which to make up for the seeming diffidence on the part of American enterprise toward previous postwar international fairs in Europe and on other continents? Should this country's presentation at Brussels be, therefore, frankly commercial, a direct effort to win customers for American products—and at the same time engender admiration for our dynamic system and spirit of free enterprise? Some Americans would certainly have had it so.

Others would have stressed our technical proficiency at a moment when it has been excessively denigrated because of the Soviet sputniks and other recent scientific achievements. Would there not be something to be said for supplying massive evidence that would reassure the European peoples as to America's continuing might and technical proficiency?

Instead, the State Department ruled out commercial exhibits for our spacious pavilion, played down this country's industrial might, and focused on present-day life in the United States, with its comparative material ease and pronounced freedom of expression. As President Eisenhower expressed it, we are trying at Brussels to provide "helpful insight into the character of our national community, the fruits of its land and the spirit of its citizens."

The exhibit does appear to supply a rather happy combination of national self-criticism and sheer entertainment that is attracting throngs of visitors. Much of the credit for its box-office appeal in the Fair's first few days has been going to a fashion show starring six dozen fetching European mannequins. Color T.V., Cinerama and a computer that answers questions in ten languages also serve prominently to attract the crowds. But the exhibit does come to grips with this country's difficulties over race relations and its struggles with such community problems as slum clearance.

Much of this is in sharp contrast with the adjacent, more lavish, rival Russian exhibit, in which unalloyed and heavy-handed national self-glorification is said to be the keynote. Observers have noted the distinctly impersonal effect made by the Soviet line-up of sputniks, planes, cars and heavy industrial machinery. For the European visitors, who will undoubtedly predominate at the Fair, there is probably little question which sort of exhibit is proving the more attractive. For the visitors from the underdeveloped countries the reaction is less certain. As we said at the outset, no one can be completely satisfied with any image of his country that is presented to the world. We ourselves would like to ask this: Does the American pavilion at Brussels show too much concern over "gracious living" at a time when, because of inadequate material and human resources, many peoples are having such a struggle for simple survival and when countless other millions are aware that they are living under the unresolved threat of all-destroying nuclear weapons?

RELEASE OF EZRA POUND

WRITING about the case of Ezra Pound some years ago in The Commonweal, Sam Hynes said that "it is only prudent to remind ourselves that one room at St. Elizabeth's is a closet which contains a national skeleton." Now the seventy-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two-year old Pound is about to be released from St. Elizabeth's and to advance another step in a career that has been marked, almost from the first, by dissent, controversy and accomplishment. Indicted for treason almost fifteen years ago, he was first imprisoned in Italy and then flown to the United States for trial. Following an examination of his mental condition he was declared insane and therefore unfit for trial. Since then, committed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, he has continued those activities which won for him early prominence; he has added to his *Cantos*, studied and translated foreign languages and published in literary journals. And, possibly more important, he has encouraged and assisted young writers whom he considers to have talent.

To trace the career of Ezra Pound is to follow the major currents of modern literature in English. He was among the first to recognize the talents of such figures as James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Robert Frost, and Ernest Hemingway. Not only did his own theory, practice and criticism have an effect upon their writing, but he worked vigorously in their behalf and was frequently responsible for the publication of much of their early work.

Aside from these accomplishments, which are beyond dispute, he has also published and broadcast views which have been strongly attacked as anti-humanitarian and racist. The same terms have been applied to his poetry, which is, in addition, termed pedantic and obscure. Nothing he has written or said since his confinement at St. Elizabeth's suggests that his views have changed.

Now, however, acting under the advice of doctors who say that Pound, though quite harmless, will never be sufficiently sane to stand trial, the government has withdrawn the indictment. It is presumed that, once released from St. Elizabeth's, Pound will return to Italy. Instead of being a national skeleton in a closet at St. Elizabeth's, he will be once again a poet and critic freely able to fulfill his talents.

CATHOLIC THEOLOGY AT HARVARD

ALL WHO DESIRE greater mutual understanding between Protestants and Catholics in the United States will be greatly heartened by the announcement that a Charles Chauncey Stillman Chair of Roman Catholic Theological Studies has been established at Harvard Divinity School with Christopher Dawson as its first occupant. President Pusey of Harvard believes that this guest professorship "will illuminate for future ministers of the Protestant denomination the history, theology, and dogma of the Roman Catholic Church and its implications for the modern mind." Each Stillman Guest Professor is to serve from three to five years, and Dr. Pusey says that "Mr. Dawson is the first in what promises to be a notable line of guest Professors."

The climate has greatly changed since the establishment of the Dudleian lectures at Harvard in the eighteenth century in order, among other things, to show "that the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that woman of sin, that apostate Church spoken of in the New Testament." Yet a sustained and constructive dialogue between the two groups remains to be developed. Archbishop Cushing of Boston is among those who have most encouraged this step at the Harvard Divinity School. The founding of this memorial chair will long serve as a landmark in the maturing of religious relationships in this country.

PENTAGON REORGANIZATION

OBJECTIONS to the President's proposals to reorganize the Pentagon have been gathering momentum for some weeks now, and they are likely to grow in extent and intensity.

Chairman Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee, which is perhaps the major barrier faced by the proposed plan, has made clear his own violent opposition to the President's reorganization, which would give the Secretary of Defense wider spending powers and authority to transfer or abolish various service functions, would consolidate authority in the office of Defense Secretary and the Chiefs of Staff and would correspondingly downgrade the power of the various service departments. Rep. Vinson (D.-Ga.) is fearful that these changes would lead to a "Prussian-type high command," a Defense "czar" and a Congress robbed of its constitutional control over the military, particularly in the allocation of funds.

Other critics of the reorganization plan, such as those in the military services, are not so extreme, partly, no doubt, because they cannot openly resist the decisions of their Commander-in-Chief. Nevertheless, misgivings about the President's plan are widespread and deeply felt.

The President's report branded the Pentagon's present organization as hopelessly wasteful and inefficient, but gave no hint whatever that the functioning of his Administration outside the Penta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gon—in the White House itself, the all-powerful Bureau of the Budget and the other agencies—was in any way responsible for the lately-exposed bad judgment and mismanagement in our defense system. Such a position is politically understandable but quite misleading, since our mistaken military policies were decided upon outside the Pentagon offices singled out for blame.

Furthermore, if our defense organization is in the desperate condition the President now says it is, why was nothing done about it sooner? Mr. Eisenhower has been in office more than five years. During that time the defense establishment has been occasionally criticized, but always stoutly defended—until the sputniks' exposure of our military deficiencies made such defense impossible. President Eisenhower's current appeal to his own authority as a military expert, one who knows more about these things than anyone, is weakened seriously by the fact that he apparently did not apply this expertness for the past five years.

And however he may ridicule the voiced fears of overcentralized power in the military line of command, such anxiety is not dispelled by mere words. In fact, the way the President has presented his plan, his demand that his own position be accepted as argument enough in favor of it, the pressure put on military personnel to support it or be silent—all these suggest that the fear of defense policy by fiat is not without grounds.

There is no doubt that the efficiency of our defense organization could be improved, and that the President's proposals do represent progress in the right direction. But one can question the sweeping nature of the proposals, their obvious omissions, and the authoritarian manner in which the new plan is being pushed. The President's determination to fight for his views has been widely hailed, but we think there have been better causes and clearer issues than this, times when pugnacity was both more needed and better deserved.

POLAND'S CONTINUING EXPERIMENT

THE POLISH "experiment" has, once again, taken a turn for the worse. While some of the gains achieved under the leadership of Wladyslaw Gomulka remain, others have been sharply curtailed. There remains, apparently, a surprising degree of free speech, and various contacts with the West have been maintained or increased.

But once again the totalitarian regime has felt it necessary to curb its thinkers and writers. Present restrictions on publishing are to be strengthened, and newspapermen associated with the October uprising are to be barred from journalism. Writers critical of the regime will go unpublished. To replace their efforts, more Communist writers from other countries are to be translated. During the "experiment," evidently, writers must be quiet.

TO THE COURT'S DEFENSE

IN THE LIGHT of the increasingly frequent and concentrated attacks upon the Supreme Court, the recent Law School symposium at the University of Notre Dame is of particular importance. During the symposium the attacks were declared to be, at best, based upon ignorance of court functions; at worst, they were said to call into question the integrity of the court and its members.

Because of the nature and intensity of these attacks, lawyers across the country were called upon to defend the court as they did over twenty years ago under the threat of the court-packing plan. Such defense is clearly needed. Senator Jenner's bill to limit the area of Supreme Court jurisdiction would alone be sufficient reason for such a defense, but the documents published after the Senate subcommittee's hearings on the bill should startle and convince anyone yet in doubt. The symposium at Notre Dame was clearly a worthwhile meeting.

HEARTBEATS

WE HAVE been following the arguments raging over proposed legislation to force broadcasters to give up their control of Broadcast Music, Inc., an agency which licenses the public performance of music in competition with A.S.C.A.P.—the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. We have been interested, but not really roused until Governor Frank G. Clement of Tennessee (in which state is to be found the world's hillbilly music center, serviced by B.M.I. and not A.S.C.A.P.) declared that hillbilly music is "the heartbeat of America."

We have too many other controversies pending to want to get embroiled in this one, although our convictions lead us to regard all monopolists with some suspicion; all we want to do is file a small protest against Governor Clement's all-inclusive metaphor. Let him speak of hillbilly music, if he must speak of it at all, as "*one of* the heartbeats of America."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Intellectual and the American Dream

"Objectively speaking, Babbitt may not do anything real, but sociologically he is in the mainstream of reality"

by EDWARD L. ROUSSEAU

WHEN THE sputniks went up, it looked as if the American egghead had won his argument with society. But appearances were deceiving, and as yet nothing has changed fundamentally. Furthermore, given the conditions under which we live, nothing can be expected to change. Hard intellectual work seems more fashionable, but chiefly in the physical sciences, and even here it is not yet respected for its own sake. Our young go out for research because the rest of us have heard explosions, seen sputniks, and been frightened. America still does not esteem the intellectual, and the American intellectual is unhappy in America. The results are disastrous for both.

There is no puzzle about the egghead's unhappiness —a prophet without honor can't be happy. But why the lack of honor? The reason isn't the youth of the country and the nearness of the frontier. The Indians are not howling around the stockade in suburbia, but the egghead's situation is worse than when they were. Of our first six presidents, four—the two Adamses, Jefferson and Madison—could fairly be described as intellectuals; but of the twenty-seven since, perhaps only two—Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. The reasons, then, for contempt of the intellect must be conditions that have grown stronger—at least until recently—with the country's development. The fundamental reason is the very link which makes Americans members of American society.

The link that makes the individual part of the social group, and the group's influence part of him, makes the American egghead a maladjusted American. Its nature can be understood when we see why a small income is regarded not just as a hardship and danger, but as an insult. To ask an American why he wants more money is the same as asking a headhunter why he collects heads. We all need money, it is true, but so does the headhunter need to kill his enemies before they can kill him. Nevertheless, instead of taking his trophies in order to save his own life, he has enemies so that he may take their heads as a proof of his own manhood. So with us, the dangers escaped by making money are in part caused by the money-making life. There should be no meaning in the complaint that a plumber gets more than a teacher, or an entertainer more than the President of the United States, if it were not felt that the ability to make money is the real measure of a man.

A common image of what each member ought to be makes all who share the image members of the same society. And the American Dream is an image of a self proved by competitive money-making. The formation of such an image is the means whereby the young join a society. The Plains Indians, divided into different linguistic stocks, and by cultural necessity into warring tribes, were yet members of a social unity by reason of their common picture of the warrior as what a man should strive to be—and feared in his heart that he was not. There is no question here of an abstraction standing for any warrior; in spite of resemblances, the Comanche was not part of the same kind of unity as a medieval knight or a Japanese Samurai.

THE DREAM-IMAGE is the measure of reality. Acts that aim at its fulfillment belong to real life; others do not. It would be absurd to frame a philosophy according to which the mystic, the artist, and the scientist are escapists, while the insurance salesman and the real estate agent are not. It would be equally absurd to deny, however, that we all apply such a standard. Objectively speaking, Babbitt may not do anything real, but sociologically he is in the main stream of reality.

Mr. Rousseau is assistant professor of philosophy at Marquette University. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He knows it and his critics know it—that's what their fight is about. Babbitt lives a real life because he seeks to prove himself a man in the way accepted by Americans. No wonder intellectuals are unhappy. No wonder they are resented and ignored.

The trouble just outlined is not peculiar to America but occurs in any civilization. Yet there is a special crisis here. In some societies, striving for the realization of the common image is recognized as normal for all; in others, such striving is the condition of an elite and is recognized by the rest as the privilege of their betters. Not all males among the Plains Indians, for example, were equally fitted for the heroic life of hunting and war; not all could be equally successful. But the man who did not try to be a brave proclaimed himself something more or less than a man. In medieval Europe or feudal Japan, on the other hand, the peasant did not strive to be a perfect knight or Samurai but recognized such striving as the normal behavior of his betters.

Thus it is conceivable that the antlike toil which built the pyramids was regarded at first not as an exaction but as the fulfillment of ceremonial religion. Sooner or later, however, the tasks required by the elite are simply imposed by extrinsic force or, at most, accepted from inertia. An internal proletariat—to use the phrase made famous by Toynbee—is formed, an oppressed mass interested in the material rewards of civilization, but which regards its values and the dream that makes men its members with hostile incomprehension. The real crisis comes when the mass who provide the physical base for the elite become actively alienated. A crisis in education is involved, for if an educative process succeeds, the mass may again become active members of their society; if it fails, they harden into permanent alienation.

Chesterton's "Victorian Compromise" is a clear example of educative success. The middle class became active members of English society, and there was no English Revolution to match the French. In one age the ordinary Englishman recognized being a gentleman as the condition of his betters; afterwards, "You're not a gentleman" became an insult. The image of the gentleman changed while being extended, and the society united by it consequently changed, but the image survived and preserved social unity.

England was still stratified, however, and had to face the fresh challenge as to whether she could make the workers active members and still remain herself. In America, on the contrary, all men except those with a less than human status have been, traditionally and not by innovation, active members of society. In this sense all men are equal in America. All are not equally wealthy or equally adept at making money, but everybody recognizes competitive money-making as the measure of manhood.

When people talk about a decay of the American system, what they refer to, below the level of symptoms, is a supposed loss of the competitive money-making urge. Youth will no longer take the risks involved in money-making but is only interested in what money will buy. There have been, indeed, great changes in American attitudes during the last generation or so, as Riesman especially has noted. But once the fact of social or economic change is noted, there is a tendency to overstress the elements of novelty and forget how much of the old remains. There is certainly a new tendency to persuade the young who are being initiated that the race will be easy, easier than it is and easier than human life could ever be. American mothers may, as many observers have noted, teach their children that they must earn love, but they also teach that it is very easy to earn mama's love. And mothers are not alone. American Liberals, insofar as they are truly American, have as their ideal a race in which everybody will take keen competitive delight in running and in which everybody will win. The modification of old competitiveness by new ease, though a contradiction, may be a psychological necessity. Otherwise life would be too hard, especially in a land of a plenty represented as unbounded.

An aspect of the easing-up process is the tendency to show success by spending—Veblen's "conspicuous waste" manifested as conspicuous comfort. (When the carrying out of this tendency becomes impossible, there is a depression.) But the old is present in the new, and there is now a competitive drive for the comforts. A man in good times may admit that his pride forces him to buy a car, even though he is one of the minority who take no pleasure in driving. Even when some pleasure is secured, but, in any hedonistic calculation, the pain far outweighs it, conspicuous comfort is compulsively sought.

That American society remains essentially the same can be shown by common political attitudes. When making money—and here the Democrats miscalculated in 1952—the American is grateful to nothing outside himself, and so he is a Republican. When he is not able to make money, the trouble must be due to something outside himself, the interests; any other theory would be a reflection on his manhood, and so he is a Democrat. Those (outside the solid South) who are convinced that they will never make much money are the hard core of the Democrats. Those convinced that they can always make money and would make much more if only the government would let them alone are the hard core of the Republicans. All this has little to do with the forces really making for economic prosperity or depression, but a great deal to do with attitudes found below the level of rational calculation. These attitudes are illustrated by the ease with which feeling can be worked up against the income tax, in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principle the fairest tax. It is felt—though not clearly formulated—that taxing a man's money-making ability is taxing his very manhood.

THE DIFFICULTIES inherent in any human society are thus intensified in America. The common dream-image is for all, and the notion of a group not sharing it is alien. Moreover, the character of the dream puts special pressure on the individual and threatens the whole society. The advantage which a social group has over a biological species is the ability to make intelligent adjustments. Intelligence in social thinking must take account of social reality, but social reality must also adjust to what is real without qualification—if a civilization is to survive as a living civilization. Intelligence must be critical of social aims, therefore, and not be simply a tool by which the individual may attain them. But many Americans can and do confine their thinking to a life the standard of which is the socially accepted aim. Religion, art, economic theory, politics, foreign affairs—these do not belong to the world where ends are sought by rationally proportionate means, but to an area of verbal gestures, where Communism, for example, is fought by noise.

A civilization with this pronounced tendency to refuse the exercise of rational control over reality and to confine such control to what is socially or conventionally real is in danger. It may be argued that other societies have acted in just the same way and survived for long periods of time; but they have not been civilized, or else have been petrified civilizations. Unfair as it may seem, our choice in the present state of the world is not between petrification and development, but between development and ruin.

Not that government by intellectuals is what America needs. Without division of function there would be no reason for social life at all beyond the family level. Although it is the wise man's task to order, the same man cannot in the long run perform the functions of intellectual and ruler. What is needed is a people and political leaders who, though not original speculative thinkers or even capable of fully assimilating abstract theory at second hand, are open to ideas and have their actions influenced by them.

What is meant may be explained by Aristotle's division of men into those who have reason and those who partake of it, although his conclusion that some are naturally free and some slaves is false. It is false because the division is one of degree and not absolute. The most original theoretical genius partakes in the thought of others much more than he originates; those who are the most passive in their thinking partake of reason as men and not as beasts receiving signals from men.

Education, then, should make all men share as a common heritage the work of human reason, a work to which men of speculative genius have contributed more than their proportionate part. It should produce enough research scientists and, more important yet, citizens who, though not scientists themselves, appreciate rationally the importance of scientific research at all times, and not only in a mood of blind panic. Our society cannot educate if it despises reason. And if it does not educate its members, our civilization must perish.

American civilization has its treasure—the values of Western civilization incarnate, as an American would like to think, with a special trace and flavor that renders them American. The beauty of Manhattan's skyline is no more an illusion than is the squalor of a slum. It is there, no mean city. But we have been considering the why, not the what. Why were the mighty ruined temples in the jungles of Central America built? To give honor to the gods. The answer to the why of the mightier buildings of North America is money-making. The American tragedy is that the impulse that makes men Americans is disruptive of true American values. What builds America ruins her.

SO MUCH for an America divorced from intelligence. What of the intellectual alienated from America? The intellectuals are not a part of what for their fellows is real life. By definition the intellectually mature are socially immature. That is, they cannot fully accept what would make them men. But, in addition, their social position makes the attainment of a serene intellectual maturity difficult. The same title could be given to the biographies of very different American intellectuals and artists: "The Little Boy Who Was Afraid of Being a Sissy." It could be applied to the lives of John Dewey and Ernest Hemingway alike. I refer, of course, not to their private lives but to their public work, which is everybody's business.

Yet the tragedy for the intellectual is not that he is not esteemed sufficiently by others. Though nobody can live without sympathy, the intellectual would not really be better off wearing his phylacteries and being called Rabbi by men. The tragedy is that his intellectual development is compromised.

The nature of the compromise must not be misstated. Dewey may have had an anti-intellectual tendency, and be praised or blamed as a very American philosopher; Hemingway may be puerile in his virility. But neither of them accepts or apologizes for what we have called the American Dream. There is, in fact, no serious body of thinking that defends our American Dream, and one of the secondary reasons for distrust of the intellectual is his failure to construct such an apologia.

Neo-conservatives feel the want of such a defense; why don't they supply the demand? The answer is that it can't be done. A man who thinks at all about anything beyond means can't defend competitive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money-making as the standard by which the whole of life is to be measured. And since this is what a thinking American conservative would have to defend, an insincerity which is perhaps not moral or real, but purely verbal, fills the attempted thought of American conservatives. An organic view of society, awareness of the past and future as well as the present, opposition to violent change, regard for the solid virtue that the average man has and that the intellectual lacks are all very well—I speak without irony—but they are simply beside the point.

The American intellectual cannot accept the standard of the society in which he lives, but no matter how critical he may be while thinking, he cannot ignore it in living. Babbitt is within. The American intellectual has a guilt complex that cannot be explained simply by Freudian analysis. He feels guilty no matter what he does—hence his paralysis of power and failure to develop.

If successful in the eyes of society, in the pursuit of aims he cannot rationally accept, the intellectual expresses his self-contempt, variously according to his temperament, in hostility toward others—sometimes his fellow Americans, sometimes other intellectuals—or toward himself directly. Let him refuse or try to refuse attainment of the socially accepted end, let him simply refuse to pull himself together and make something of himself: will he have the consolation of being poor but honest? No such luck. There will be guilt again on the other level. A failure in both worlds, he resents both the standards by which success is measured and himself because he has failed.

It is no wonder that although American intellectual contributions are greater than Europeans were willing to admit—until recently, at least—they still are not so great as they should be. The country has missed the guidance of the intelligence, and the alienated intellectual has been stunted in his growth, a one-good-book or no-book man. Here, as elsewhere, we have been prodigal of our resources.

CONSERVATIVE LANDSLIDE

Canada Surprises Itself

by HARRY LORIN BINSSE

CANADA'S March 31 election certainly was a success in one sense if in no other—it attracted a degree of attention to the political affairs of our northern neighbor quite unmatched in recent years. And this was entirely because, for the second time in the last ten months, Canadian voters have succeeded in surprising everyone, including themselves.

Both in June, 1957 and in April, 1958, the result has been a shocked—or even stunned—sense of amazement on the part of all concerned, the winning Progressive-Conservative Party, its leader, Prime Minister John George Diefenbaker, and practically all the professional observers whose job it is to have some inkling of what goes on in the public mind. Last June it was expected that the Liberals would lose seats, but never the election; this March it was expected that the Conservatives would win, but not by an avalanche.

Three significant factors emerge from this triumph. There is first the overwhelming majority of the Government itself—208 Conservatives and 57 in opposition, of which 49 are Liberals and the rest Social Democrats. Thus the Government controls over 78 per cent of the House. Since Confederation in 1867—the date always selected for Canada's emergence as a nation—only twice before have majorities ever approached this magnitude; and both of them were Liberal, those returned in 1940 and 1949. In three out of the last six elections, therefore, there have been very heavy preferences indicated—far heavier than in the previous seventy years of Canadian history. And this almost certainly indicates a decrease in "automatic" voting of the sort still not unknown in the United States, in which political allegiances are a matter of habit and, indeed, often of inheritance.

The second factor, which has attracted almost equal attention, is the reduction of the small party and independent vote in the House of Commons to eight members of the Social Democratic Party and the total disappearance of the Social Creditors and independents. For three decades these minority groups have contributed a real leaven to their country's political life, and their all but disappearance is a great loss. Par-

---

Mr. Binsse, formerly the managing editor of The Commonweal, has lived in Canada since 1947.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticularly regretted was the defeat in Saskatchewan of Mr. M. J. Coldwell, veteran Social Democratic leader, a man who for years has been as widely respected in Canada as Norman Thomas in the United States, and for much the same reasons, while exercising an even more effective influence.

The third striking factor, the significance of which it is so far almost impossible to assess, so complex are the human imponderables involved, is the decision of Quebec voters to elect fifty Conservatives and only twenty-five Liberals to Ottawa. This is the first time since 1887—or in seventy years—that a majority of Quebec's Members of Parliament are Conservatives. If ever there was proof of the disappearance of "automatic" voting, long a fixture of Quebec's political mores, here it is.

Quebec Conservatives rightly feel that their having won two-thirds of their province's seats is an almost incredible achievement, deserving all and more of the rewards so generously promised by Mr. Diefenbaker and his Ministers during the campaign. These promises, however, were certainly not made in the expectation that the general Conservative victory would be what it was. Mr. Diefenbaker obviously believed he needed twenty to thirty Quebec seats in order to have a good working majority. Instead he obtained an absolute majority without needing a single Quebec seat. Thus with the single exception of the Unionist regime of 1917-21, when the bitterness aroused by the First World War divided the country along almost strictly French-English lines, Canada has a Government which could "govern without Quebec," yet which has won in Quebec a lusty and memorable victory.

The potential difficulties here are far-reaching. There has always been a certain tension between English and French in Canada. The English-speaking majority constantly wonder whether the French aren't getting away with more than they deserve, besides being a bit on the backward side, while the French come close to having a chip on their shoulder in their jealous concern for "autonomy," which, especially in recent years, is the great bugaboo in fiscal relations between Quebec and Ottawa.

DURING their few months in power, after their victory last summer, the Conservatives did nothing startling. Having no absolute majority, they could not, and it was smart strategy besides. They sponsored measures to which no one could object—lower taxes, higher old age pensions, etc. And out of a mere handful of nine Quebec members they named three Cabinet Ministers, likewise a very smart move in view of the inevitably impending election needed to give Canada an effective majority Government. The only thing that could possibly darken their record was the appearance of a marked business recession, for which they had certainly not been in power long enough to be held responsible.

The Liberals, meanwhile, were in none too happy a position. They were given no chance in Parliament to create any strong political issues. Their elderly leader, M. Saint Laurent, retired for reasons of health, and following their old tradition of alternating the leadership between French and English, they chose as his successor Mr. Lester B. Pearson, a man of international renown, but almost better known outside than inside Canada.

When a new election was announced, everyone felt that there was a Conservative "current." Mr. Diefenbaker, by his actions repudiating the boast of his colleague Donald Fleming that the party could govern without Quebec, made a great bid for Quebec support, and generally asked the country to give him a real chance, a decent majority in the House, which would enable him to show what his party could truly do for Canada. Mr. Pearson was at a clear disadvantage. He was new at party leadership and had no real issue. The "depression" cut both ways and the meaningless slogan "Vote Pearson for Peace" only did the Conservatives an excellent service. At any rate, so large a number of voters felt that Mr. Diefenbaker's plea for a decent working majority was reasonable that he obtained a landslide.

Within his own party, then, Mr. Diefenbaker will have to prove a magnificent diplomat if he is to avoid a very prompt harvest of discontent. He is confronted with fifty eager Quebec Members, all expecting rich rewards for their constituencies. They expect a heavy French representation in the Cabinet, which was the great promise implied throughout the campaign, but which may not fit in so well with the views of the other seventy-five per cent of Conservative Members. And they expect prompt satisfaction of a number of specifically French demands, such as a truly Canadian flag, Canadian diplomatic representation at the Vatican, country-wide official bilingualism—all things not wholly acceptable to large groups of their English colleagues. Mr. Diefenbaker is also confronted with an ample working majority of English-speaking Conservative Members, determined that Quebec should not get away with too much. He can afford to offend neither, since the huge bloc of English-speaking Members is probably a freak phenomenon, and in a future election he will almost certainly want strong Quebec support again. He may well find himself forced to adopt the traditional Liberal policy of astute compromise, and he would probably be wise to do so, little as it may be in line with Conservative traditions.

There will soon be an indication of how his mind is working in this realm. Vincent Massey, the present—and first Canadian—Governor General is due soon to retire. Who will replace him? Subject to royal assent,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the choice will be Mr. Diefenbaker's. To my own mind the consummately adroit move would be to offer the post to M. Saint Laurent—or even another available French Canadian. The retired Liberal leader is still a very popular figure. And he might himself refuse for reasons of health. Yet naming him would further establish the principle of alternation between French and English in the highest office, and would please many people by its very magnanimity. In any case, Mr. Diefenbaker's skill at tight-rope dancing will be interesting to watch. And since he is obviously an able and conscientious man, sincerely concerned with democratic government, we must watch it sympathetically.

Of course this is not his only problem—far from it—though it may prove the most arduous, humanly speaking. He likewise has somehow to reduce unemployment, unless it reduces itself. He has to continue the momentum of Canada's economic development. And he has to work out the difficulties which in recent years have beset relations between his country and the United States.

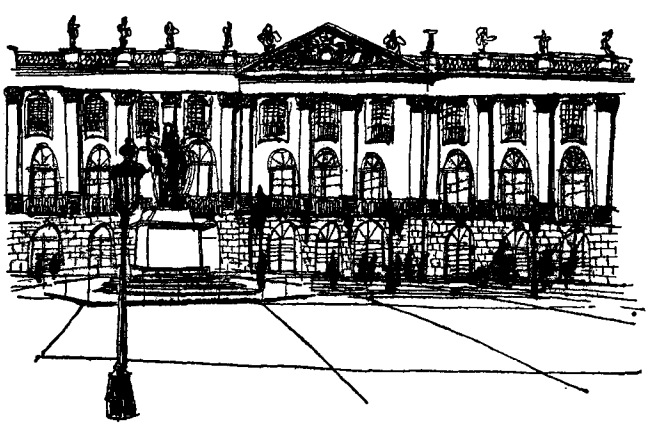
HERE CANADA'S adverse balance of trade with its southern neighbor, compensated only by heavy U.S. capital investment in Canada, is the crux of the trouble. The adverse trade balance extends even to tourist activity, more dollars being spent by Canadian travelers in the States than by American visitors to Canada. And the compensating American investments not only make the Canadian dollar expensive but create a pervasive feeling in Canada that Americans are obtaining a disproportionate control over Canada's natural resources. In addition, practices which look remarkably like the dumping of U.S. agricultural surpluses on the Canadian market certainly do not help the cause of neighborliness.

The continuing uproar over the case of the Canadian Ford automobiles which Communist China wanted to buy—and which the parent U.S. Ford company did not dare let its Canadian subsidiary sell for fear of violation of U.S. law—is an example almost too pat to be true. Preventing this sale deprived Canadian labor of badly needed work and Canadian export trade of a piece of business in no way counter to Canadian law. Said Mr. Diefenbaker: "We have the right to determine our own destiny at all times in our own way, and without dictation in any form from any other country." And I presume that Mr. Pearson would be the first to agree with this statement. Yet the United States can argue that it cannot allow U.S.-controlled plants on foreign soil to serve as blinds which undermine a basic U.S. policy. I do not know what the solution is here, but it is certain that intransigence on either side will lead nowhere.

Mr. Diefenbaker evidently has a deep personal regard for Britain and British institutions, most conspicuously indicated by the famous purchasing mission of Canadian business men sent by his Government to England late in 1957 and his announced policy of switching a certain percentage of Canadian buying from the U.S. to Britain. Up to a point his position is understandable. Yet it can lead to queer results, as when it was discovered that the Canadian Government's own airlines were purchasing in Britain planes which the largely idle Canadian plants were perfectly equipped to manufacture—thus certainly not helping Canadian unemployment. Needless to say, those British orders were canceled. Furthermore, what purpose will be served if Canada buys more from Britain than Britain can buy from Canada, especially if in the process the U.S. cuts its own Canadian purchases?

It can be persuasively argued that Canadian trade is naturally more north-south than east-west, and that it is with this in mind that efforts should be made to redress any U.S.-Canadian imbalance. In such matters, where two basically friendly neighbors are concerned, the role politics can play is limited. Yet certainly a little Canadian toughness can properly temper conscious and unconscious arrogance on the part of U.S. business, just as a little American retaliation can make Canadians appreciate the importance of good business relations with a more powerful neighbor.

In any case, I am convinced that a lot of editorial ink was wasted, as much in British rejoicing as in American alarm, over the Canadian Conservative victory. From long observation of Canadians at first hand, I emphatically do not agree that Canadian-American relations played any great part in affecting the vote in the recent election. The prevailing attitude, rather, was, "Let's see what these fellows will do if they have a chance." And if the Conservatives, now that they are overwhelmingly in power, were to act in such a way as fundamentally to upset Canadian-U.S. trade, I believe with equal conviction that it would cost them heavily in popular support. What we are likely to see north of the border during the next four years is the sort of manly firmness which is always the best foundation for a friendship based on mutual respect.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than half the children in the world have never drunk milk or seen medicine

The Other Two-Thirds

by NEIL P. HURLEY

BE NOT SOLICITOUS, therefore, saying: What shall we eat or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." *(Matthew 6:31-2.)* Individual citizens and families in the West have suffered economic want, and many still do. But the people of the West as nations have rarely had occasion to think deeply about this Gospel text. Not long ago, though, I met an educated Catholic Chinese who told me that she found it truly a "hard saying," a teaching particularly hard to reconcile with the conditions in China. And when one stops to think, one can understand why.

The Far East (including China, Japan, and India) produces only thirty-two per cent of the world's goods; at the same time it has fifty-five per cent of the world's population. By contrast, the United States and Canada account for more than twenty-three per cent of the world's productivity capacity, although they have only about eight per cent of the world's population. This inequality in the world's distribution of material goods and population is not new. What is new is the dawning awareness of a world economy and its implication for the Christian nations of the West.

To take just one example, consider the vast differences in dietary standards to be found in the modern world. The average caloric intake in the United States is over thirty-three hundred daily—an amount more than sufficient. (A 140-pound man needs from twenty-five hundred to forty-five hundred calories daily, depending on his occupation, and a 112-pound woman needs from twenty-one hundred to three thousand.) But over a hundred million people in the world live on less than two thousand calories a day, and some eight hundred million get an average daily ration of twenty-two to twenty-four hundred calories. According to Josue de Castro, in his *The Geography of World Hunger,* two-thirds of the earth's people are hungry—at least in terms of lacking vitally needed minerals or vitamins in their diet. Of the nine hundred million children in the world under sixteen years of age, more than fifty per cent live and die in need. Most have never in their lives drunk milk or seen medicine.

Furthermore, unless steps are taken to offset the maldistribution of population and of productive capacity in the world, the problem will grow. Twenty-four hours after you have read this article there will be one hundred and fifteen thousand more mouths to feed in the world. To make matters worse, the greatest increase will take place in Asia and Latin America, the most severely distressed areas. Asia shows a yearly increase in population of twenty-four million; China alone increases each year by sixteen million, a gain roughly equivalent to the entire population of Canada. In 2000 A.D. the world's population is expected to reach five billion. By that date China will certainly have over a billion, if present population growth continues, as compared to some two hundred million in the United States. And we must remember that the introduction of Western scientific techniques will bring great advances in public health, including the reduction of infant mortality, and will thus accelerate population growth even further.

IN THE LIGHT of these facts, what is the responsibility of the United States, as the world's wealthiest nation? It seems quite clear that we can no longer think only in terms of the American economy or even of the larger community of the free West. We must think in terms of social justice in a world economy, and this means that we must take a long, hard look at our own practices and assumptions.

It is estimated that the food wasted in an American city of one million would nourish a European city of the same size and that the waste of this city in turn would nourish an Asiatic city of the same size. Under these circumstances, can Americans continue to upgrade the quality of their diet as they have been doing since 1945? Americans are not necessarily eating more than before World War II—in fact, calory consumption shows a small decline—but they are eating better. As America's standard of living rises, more money is spent on dairy products, meat, and fresh, frozen and canned fruits and vegetables; flour and cereals, the foods with starch and carbohydrates which are common in middle-

Neil P. Hurley, S.J., is a Jesuit scholastic now studying in Europe. This is his first article in The Commonweal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class European diets, are disappearing. Are there not practical steps which America might adopt to ameliorate the disproportion that now exists between the privileged and underprivileged nations?

What about our foreign aid program? Should it not be based on something more than expediency or "enlightened self-interest," which sees the struggling nations of Latin America, Africa and Asia only as pawns on the chessboard of world strategy? If our foreign aid and economic assistance have not been as generous or as successful as they might have been, perhaps here is part of the reason. We cannot solve the gigantic problems which exist in distressed lands singlehanded. But we must try to assist unfortunate nations by helping them to sustain their own populations—somewhat after the fashion of the Marshall Plan, which did not alleviate immediate suffering as much as prevent future indigency. Yet for economic assistance in the 1958 foreign aid budget Mr. John Foster Dulles proposed an outlay of $650 million, a sum that is approximately .0015 of our Gross National Product. Do we really believe this is all we can afford?

In view of the world situation, another obvious paradox is provided by our domestic farm policy and our immigration program. Two years ago the President proposed, and Congress approved, a soil-bank program whereby farmers were to be paid for taking land out of the production of five surplus crops: wheat, corn, cotton, rice and tobacco. This fact would clearly seem to indicate that the United States could support a much greater population without undue strain on our agricultural potential. Nevertheless, present immigration policy sets a top limit of only 154,000 immigrants to be admitted annually, and of this number over 65,000 are allotted for Great Britain and Northern Ireland—lands where hunger is not a general problem, and which do not, in fact, normally fill their allotment. Quotas for the Orient, on the other hand, are set deliberately low, despite the fact that population pressures and dietary deficiencies are greater there. I grant that the U.S. must control the flow of immigration and that any feasible liberalization of Oriental quotas would not begin to solve the overall problem. Yet an effort in the right direction would at least show the world that we are not morally insensitive to the problem. In itself national egoism based on racial prejudice is indefensible; the felony is compounded, however, when those discriminated against are the world's neediest peoples.

THEN THERE is what should be the greatest goad to America's corporate conscience: its own general standard of living, which for a sizable section of the population has become so inflated since World War II that what were formerly luxury items—and still are outside the U.S.—have become virtual necessities. There are many good features connected with America's rising standard of living, such as improved conditions for the poor, better health conditions, a lowered death rate and a production effort which is unprecedented in world history. One can grant all this and still question the idea of an ever-increasing standard of living. If one can accept current advertising philosophy, there seems to be a generally accepted conviction that Americans will and should continue to upgrade their standard of living without let-up. Indeed, many seem to believe we must do so under the threat of economic stagnation. I would suggest, however, that here the Christian conscience should ask: Can we not produce more and more, not simply to provide idle luxuries, but to satisfy the real needs of all of the American people and those of underprivileged countries as well?

I am not suggesting that the United States be the welfare agency of the world, but it is hard to defend an economic system which often seems intent largely on creating desires for unessential items, and this at a time when so much of the rest of the world goes hungry. How easily we forget the size of the gap that divides us and most of the world. According to United Nations estimates, national per capita income in 1955 ranged from $1,960 in the United States to less than $100 in Kenya, India, Pakistan and Burma. Burma had a national per capita income of $44. If we as a nation persist in cultivating sumptuous habits of overconsumption, we run the risk not only of weakening our national character but also of seeming to prove the Marxist prediction that the rich grow ever richer and the poor poorer. Inside its own national borders the U.S. has proved the falsity of this claim. It now remains to take the sting out of this Communist charge on an international level.

America has shown its generosity in the past; no American need feel ashamed on this score if he thinks of efforts such as the Marshall Plan and the Point Four program. However, we must also recall the truth that much will be expected from him to whom much is given. The parable of Lazarus and Dives has come to life before our very eyes, and America is the rich man opulently banqueting while two-thirds of the world's people constitute the hungry Lazarus.

Only a deep realization that we are our brother's keeper can lead us to make the effort that is necessary if we are to assist the "Lazarus" nations of the world. But such a decision might also save us from that decline which wealthy nations in the past have experienced as a result of material over-indulgence. Considered in this vein, the parable of Dives and Lazarus carries a profound lesson: Dives' need for Lazarus was in one sense greater than that of Lazarus for Dives. In discussing the problem of poverty in the world, America would do well to ponder the wisdom of this parable.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITURGY AND LANGUAGE

I MUST BE blindly prejudiced on the subject of a vernacular liturgy, for I simply do not see any argument against it. The prejudice was reinforced during Holy Week, with its moving prayers, beautiful readings and magnificent litanies. At a high point in the liturgy on Good Friday, I looked around at my neighbors. Some were following the priests' Latin in English translation. Others—the majority—might just as well have been listening to readings from the Tokyo telephone book. They were either bored and restless or so doggedly devout that the patience of the most dutiful was obviously tried. Some recited the rosary—as they do at weddings, funerals, baptisms, ordinations, confirmations or Sunday Mass. They had to fall back on exactly the same prayers that serve them for Advent, Lent, and the Easter season. Perhaps their mood was different, their meditations may have taken a Lenten turn; but as for the form their prayers took, it might as well have been Christmas as Good Friday.

These were the exceptionally devout. The average worshipper was just as fidgety and distracted as he is every Sunday; the only difference was that Holy Week services are longer; the tedium is a little harder to bear.

Here, I think, is the best argument for the use of English in the liturgy. It is not a matter of profound intellectual speculation but of simple observation and personal experience. The liturgy of Holy Week, for instance, is clearly posited on congregational response to the lamentations, the recounting of the story of the Passion and offering of communal prayer. But how can a congregation respond when it does not really know what it is being asked to respond to? Why should anyone expect a congregation to be anything but excruciatingly bored or completely distracted when it sits down to hear a reading it does not understand.

I think I have heard all the arguments for the continued use of Latin, but I must have missed some very important ones because the ones I know do not impress me in the least, even though they are presented by people I respect highly.

I know there is an argument based on the universality of the language. To me all that means is that a Swedish Catholic visiting America is as baffled by what he hears in St. Patrick's Cathedral as he is in his own parish in Stockholm. The "universal language" argument strikes me not so much as an argument for the universality of the Church as for the universality of the problem.

I know there is an argument based on the changelessness of a dead language. That argument also strikes me as weak. Language changes so slowly that no real problems would confront us for generations to come if we began to pray in the tongue we understand. The Anglican Book of Common Prayer may be archaic here and there but it remains understandable to those who use it. Once an English translation of the Catholic liturgy was made it would remain familiar, and understandable, for many, many years.

I know there is an argument based on the idea that after all the prayers are directed to God and *He* understands Latin. But God understands English, too, and if there is any point in such an argument, this is it. The understanding of God is simply not an issue. The issues are the congregation's not being able to understand the worship that is offered to God in its name, the religious "instruction" that instructs no one.

I know, finally, that there is an argument based on tradition. But is tradition so sacred it should rule out common sense? That may sound too strong, but I must say that the argument for the vernacular rests above all on common sense. It is just not logical for people to be cut off from their central acts of worship merely because they have not mastered a language that is not their own. I know Latin is the official language of the universal Church. But Latin is not the language of the Catholic people of the world, and when it is used as if it were, I think it fails to fulfill the primary end of language, which is simply communication.

There must be much better arguments than these, I tell myself, for how could they carry enough weight to counterbalance the obvious problem found in a thousand congregations either frantically transliterating the priest's language or at their wit's end about how to get through the service without falling asleep?

The strongest appeal for the Catholic form of worship, I have always felt, is the "whole man" argument—the notion that in his official worship a man should employ both body and mind. I should think that those who accept this idea of worship would strongly favor any congregation's being familiar with, and understanding, the language used in worship. It would seem that anything done with understanding and comprehension is intrinsically superior to the same thing done without understanding, without comprehension. . . . But I leave that argument to the philosophers.

In the meantime, there is not nearly enough discussion, outside some fairly rarified Catholic groups, about the use of English in Church. Too many of us still look upon the present Latin as if its use were a commandment handed down from Mount Sinai. We take being bored in the pew as one of life's unavoidable crosses. I think we should make our feelings known. The Church has never been deaf to the needs of her children.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

NO BIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ

STAGE-STRUCK girl comes to New York, struggles for recognition and suddenly rises to the heights when the star walks out on a show and she takes over the leading role on opening night. This dodo has been made into a movie appropriately called "Stage Struck." What makes all this worthy of attention for discriminating moviegoers is the brilliant production that Stuart Miller has given it. The film was beautifully photographed in New York in Technicolor and has excellent scenes of the city's streets, restaurants and theaters, and it includes one breath-taking view of Central Park in a snowstorm. It also has an outstanding cast directed by Sidney Lumet, who shows that his effective use of cinema in "Twelve Angry Men" was not a fluke.

Henry Fonda plays the suave producer with just the right flair; Joan Greenwood, with extravagant voice and costumes, is properly giddy as the temperamental star; Christopher Plummer is intelligent and charming as the young playwright who is attracted to the struggling stage-struck girl; and Herbert Marshall is first-rate as the well-established actor who gives the girl a helping hand and much sound advice. As the girl, Susan Strasberg is as pretty as a picture. But unfortunately the story depends on her and revolves around her, and Miss Strasberg gives a strangely tiresome performance that lacks conviction, especially in her big scenes. Perhaps the fault is Director Lumet's; or perhaps the fault is Miss Strasberg's. In either case it is difficult to understand, as the story is one for which she is actually well-suited.

Even though Susan does not come through as the great actress "Stage Struck" makes her out to be, the film is still fascinating. Ruth and Augustus Goetz have written a witty and adult script (which is a re-working of "Morning Glory," the film that won Katherine Hepburn an Oscar in 1933). Furthermore, the good production and cast have caught well the glamour and lure of theatrical New York; in spite of its faults, "Stage Struck" is bright entertainment.

IF ONE doesn't expect to see a carefully documented life of W. C. Handy, "St. Louis Blues" should serve very well. The production by Robert Smith is fine, but the script he wrote with Ted Sherdeman lacks depth and never seems to get to the real Handy. Under Allen Reisner's direction, the all-Negro cast come through better than the script. Nat "King" Cole is especially effective as the struggling composer who gave us some of our best blues. (The script overstates the point by saying the blues are the *only* art form to originate in America.) And Juano Hernandez is excellent as young Handy's dogmatic father, who destroyed the boy's trumpet and insisted that there are only two kinds of music: the Devil's and the Lord's. He loses the argument of course, but the picture continues the theme of the sacred vs. profane, in both music and love, as these are symbolized by Eartha Kitt and Ruby Dee. The film's sound track is alone worth the price of admission, with Nat and Eartha giving out generously, and Pearl Bailey, Mahalia Jackson and Ella Fitzgerald coming in for choruses every now and then. Considering that "Memphis Blues" was Handy's first big hit, that number is rather slighted, but other Handy songs get proper attention. For the present, we'll settle for this smattering of one of our musical greats.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

NO TIME FOR COMEDY

IN "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With" *(at the Martin Beck),* the indefatigable Mr. Norman Krasna employs any number of bright particular talents. His designer, Mr. Peter Larkin, an exponent of the *verismo* school of décor—Mr. Larkin has put airplanes and whole villages on the stage—seduces out of space this time a moving elevator, and later a wedge of water pipes supposed to represent the lower depths of the Empire State Building. That quincey wit, Mr. Ray Walston, injects a bracing zest into the sag of his role, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lind Hayes—Miss Mary Healy—play with their usual good housekeeping and domestic felicity. Mr. Hayes' note is one of suburban bafflement, while Miss Healy excels in sweet reasonableness and a slightly stunned beauty. They are entertainers fashioned for an egalitarian age, which is to say: they bring to Mr. Krasna's soap bubble no iridescence, infectious riot, quick cerebration of gaiety—only their amiable selves, to be loved. Mr. Krasna's soap bubble, which is broad but not wild, and lacks wholly the mathematical exuberance of farce, needs rather more.

NOT WITH impertinence surely, but no less surely, one must resign the possible pleasures of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" *(at the Phoenix)* to those who would court them. An early tracing, perfunctory and rhetorical, it is given clean speaking and little else by the ensemble of Stratford, Canada. Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch's ivied arches are a pretty frame, but they embellish a play which is never more than a dramatic notation of history.

RICHARD HAYES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

"WAS 'FASCISM' AN EPISODE?"

Auburn, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: In "Was Fascism an Episode?" [Mar. 14], the author declares that National Socialism is the common denominator of all dictatorships, whether totalitarian or authoritarian, with differences only in degree between Stalin and the Iberian dictators, Salazar and Franco. To the extent that they are all nationalistic, he is correct.

But they are no more socialistic than the Christian Front was Christian. Just as the Christian Front took a good name only to distort it, the dictators took two good things, the patriotic love of country and the socialist love of social justice, and distorted them into nationalistic hatred of other nations and into a government control or ownership of industry but without the democratic public control which is necessary for social justice.

Socialism is both public ownership and democratic control by the people (workers, technicians and consumers). Without democratic control we cannot have socialization; only nationalization. Because socialists neglected to emphasize this most vital point, too many people were confused and misled. Socialists also advocate cooperatives and public authorities as the other forms of public ownership.

The one thing all dictators and all the people who support them have in common is the philosophy that "the end justifies the means." There will always be people who want power not only for the sake of power but to achieve a desired and possibly good end and who will support bad means if they think it is a necessary short cut; and they always do. The supporters of these potential dictators do not realize that the means eventually become the end in itself.

We must continually point out this danger to people and advise them that only through peaceful democratic means and respect for civil liberties can social justice, security and the best interests of the nation be truly advanced.

WALTER O'HAGAN.

"THE WHOLE TRUTH"

Ottawa, Ont.

TO THE EDITORS: I don't think John Cogley need be so apologetic about not writing the "whole" truth [Apr. 4], for the truth is too easily submerged when surrounded by an unwieldy mass of research and reservations.

On the other hand, a deliberate manipulation of the facts in order to manipulate people is a betrayal of the truth. Mr. Cogley seems not to differentiate sufficiently between the integrity of intuitive writing and the fundamental dishonesty of writing for purposes of indoctrination. In doing this he sells himself short, because only in the latter case can the truth really be said to serve the purpose.

To develop a point of view which one considers valid and significant, and to do it as effectively as one can, is a wholesome and unreprehensible way of dealing with a problem. If this involves a neglect of the "whole" truth we may rely on the natural law of checks and balances (which we assume to be fully operative within a free society) to display the other side of the coin. Furthermore, treading on sensitive toes may be impolite but it is not the same as a blow below the belt or smothering the voice of the opposition, both of which faults The Commonweal avoids with very marked scrupulousness.

The whole point of the Cogley argument regarding the "theological lag" (as it appeared to this correspondent) was that we needed a living theology (*not* a changing theology); and the means to this end was an intellectual atmosphere favorable to Catholic humanists, who are particularly suited to the task of breathing life into theology. The articles made no pretense of being heavily researched or portentous, and were evidently based on an adequate sampling of the tone of Catholic society as revealed in Catholic books and magazines, conversations and attitudes. It's easy to see how the simple general truth which Mr. Cogley advanced regarding the theological lag can be bogged down in impressive listings of Catholic theological activity. Mr. Cogley and the champions of the theologians are at cross purposes in the discussion because the former is thinking qualitatively and the latter quantitatively.

An unmitigated insistence on the "whole" truth, which is one of the prominent characteristics of the counter-humanism or academism of the present time, is hardly likely to lead to truth. More likely we will end up asking with Pilate: What is truth? An overmeticulous adjustment of the sights leads to a fading of the target before one can pull the trigger, and is a manifestation of futility, pride and poverty of spirit.

PHILIP BELGRAVE.

"NEED FOR DOCTORS"

Baltimore, Maryland

TO THE EDITORS: As an avid reader of The Commonweal for fifteen years, I have felt that the magazine is usually level-headed in its editorials. Although I disagree quite often with its opinions, I am not usually angered enough to take pen in hand in "righteous indignation" . . . . The editorial on "Need for Doctors" [Mar. 14], however, did arouse my ire!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You accuse the A.M.A. of opposing consistently all efforts to increase substantially the number of doctors in training. The editorial suggests that organized medicine is following this line to maintain the economic well-being of its members. How naive can you be? Have you ever seen any doctor starving?

I dare say none will starve even if the number of practicing physicians is doubled within a decade! The A.M.A. may seem conservative and even "reactionary" in your mind and, indeed, on occasion in my mind (a member) it is, but in this situation it is thinking soundly and correctly. You are the ones who need to take stock and find out some facts. Quit lolling in hurt feelings and quit begging sympathy by recounting the name-calling from physicians in regard to your previous editorial!

Have you considered seriously what it takes to establish a medical school? The A.M.A. has! Obviously money and buildings are essential. But these things are really minor needs, for even if these two commodities were readily available, even in excess, would the problem be solved?

Actually there are two needs much greater than those mentioned above. One is a supply of excellent, well-trained, and inspired teachers to combine into a faculty—basic scientists (anatomists, physiologists, chemists), and clinicians (pathologists, physicians, surgeons). Presently there aren't even enough of these now to staff *adequately* our present 80-odd medical schools. The development of a first-class teacher is no mean feat. Inspiration, maturity, time and experience are needed. Do you think the A.M.A. has not been cognizant of these needs? Does it wish to be a party to any scheme to foist on the American people a group of poorly taught, uninspired, ill-trained, dangerous young people with the dubious title of doctor and entrust to such individuals the health of a large part of the population? You can't produce more doctors until you have more teachers of doctors!

A second need is a population group whose members when ill will patronize a teaching institution where they know beforehand they will be subjects for teaching and for student "practice." How many communities are willing to support medical education in this fashion? The rise of third party payment (Blue Cross, Blue Shield, government-supported medical programs, etc.) for medical services has effectively removed a great number of ill individuals from that group heretofore given care in a "teaching hospital." The individual with Blue Shield wants a private physician or surgeon for his insurance plan guarantees this service. "No experimenting on me!" is the cry. Even a Halsted, a Murphy, or a Blalock had to do his first appendectomy on someone! An Osler, a Longcope, or a Minot had to bear the responsibility for treating a case of pneumonia for the first time! How many of the lay individuals who give generously to medical education will when ill enter the "teaching wards" of the institution which is the recipient of his munificence? If these enlightened individuals won't do so, what can you expect of the "madding crowd"?

The A.M.A. is wiser than you think. It takes a lot to establish a medical school. Don't ask—"How long can the A.M.A. hold out?" Wake up, editors. Ask yourselves how long it will be before you seek some facts about medical schools and bring them to the attention of your readers.

JOHN COLLINS HARVEY, M.D.,
Associate Professor of Medicine,
The Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Ste. Anne, Manitoba

TO THE EDITORS: I read with interest your editorial on the need for doctors [Mar. 14]. I am a doctor, and, although I practice in Canada, the situation in this country is not dissimilar to that in your country.

I do feel that you make a point when you claim medical organizations tend to scoff at the lack of doctors in order to maintain the existing doctors' financial status quo. Substantial statistics indicate the fact that more doctors are needed. However, I should like to point out a few things worthy of mention.

It is impossible to get patients to see any doctor "willy-nilly." They choose their doctor and this is especially true of the urban areas. Consequently in many cities you have far overworked doctors only a few doors from confreres who have time on their hands. In your article you make somewhat sarcastic comment concerning re-locating the available supply of physicians—"moving doctors from their practices in urban

CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE
Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Accredited Catholic college for women. Liberal arts and Science.

For further information write to the Registrar.

Prospective students should make early application

CAMP WE-HA-KEE On Green Bay Marinette, Wisconsin
For Girls 6-16
Conducted by Dominican Sisters, Sinsinawa, Wis.
1958 Season, June 29-August 17, $350
For information write
Sister M. Noel, O.P., 200 Ridge Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York to rural Mississippi, say." Actually communities should engender interest among recent graduates and help them get settled in rural areas rather than leaving them to the urban areas. I am definitely in favor of more medical schools with the subsequent advantage of a greater number of physicians, but I do believe that unless more doctors are attracted to the slightly more unpleasant rural areas there will continue to exist a real need for doctors throughout the country. Actual mass production is not the only answer—production must be coupled with a little charity among doctors to work in less remunerative and less colorful communities. Often these areas offer far more in compensation than meets the eye, especially in true happiness.

Let us try and understand that all doctors are not money-grasping individuals. Most of us take deep pleasure in helping our fellow-men regardless of remuneration. I feel sure that for every angry letter from your doctor-readers that you received following Lawrence Bloomgarden's articles last fall on this same general subject there was another doctor helping some poor unfortunate, out of Christian charity and without thought of recompense.

F. P. DOYLE.

"BATTLE OVER TARIFFS"

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Peter Kilby in his article, "Battle Over Tariffs" [Feb. 28] does describe quite accurately the situation in this session of Congress. The protectionists are speaking out confidently. They have been gaining ground, as Mr. Kilby points out, since 1948.

Mr. Kilby, however, misses the mark somewhat in his statements on what he calls the significance of the committee system on trade and tariff legislation. This failing is common among writers and commentators who do not know intimately the machinery of Congress or its membership. All trade bills do, as he says, pass through the House Ways and Means and the Senate Finance committees and they are, of course, shaped by those committees. The committees do have a great influence in determining what kind of trade legislation will be approved. The influence of these committees (I hesitate to call it "inordinate," as Mr. Kilby does) can be attributed to the fact that the members of the committee have digested the evidence, and because a practical problem would arise if an attempt were made to deal with trade legislation in a full session of Congress. This problem, of course, arises in relation to other legislation as well.

The committees do reflect party balance, as Mr. Kilby says, although under the rules of the House the membership of the Ways and Means Committee is set in the ratio of 15 to 10 so as to make it reasonably sure that tax and trade legislation reported by the committee will reflect the party position. This ratio holds even though the division between the two parties in the over-all membership of the House of Representatives may be very narrow.

Again speaking only for the Ways and Means Committee of the House, of which I am a member, I would have to disagree with Mr. Kilby's statement that these committees are composed of the most interested parties. Of course, each member is likely to reflect some interest bearing on taxes and trade, but this is ordinarily not a consideration in the selection of the membership. Membership on the Ways and Means Committee, at least in the Democratic Party, is not by appointment but rather by an election in which all members of the Democratic Party in the House of Representatives participate. The one rule is that regional representation on the committee be taken into account in nominating members for election to this committee.

The seniority principle to which Mr. Kilby refers is, of course, greatly over-emphasized as a force bearing upon the Congress as a whole, but his application of this principle as a force influencing the Ways and Means Committee is even further off the mark. Membership on the committee does not prove his statement that the conservative, semi-isolationist constituencies return the same candidates election after election. Mr. Kilby's listing of House members on the Ways and Means Committee, whom he labels extreme protectionists, does not include the name of any Democratic member of the Committee. As a matter of fact no Democratic member of that committee could properly be classified as an extreme protectionist. I must also take issue with his statement that the protectionists tend to be more steadfast, and that they have more devotion to the cause than do their free trade adversaries. The compromises that have been made in the trade issue within recent years have not been made among members of the Ways and Means Committee generally. The committee, for example, in the 84th Congress reported by a substantial majority for authorization for United States membership in the Organization for Trade Cooperation. This bill was never brought up for action on the floor of the House because the whip check showed that it was impossible to muster sufficient strength to secure its passage.

Again in the deliberations of the committee this year, concessions will not have to be made in any great measure in order to secure favorable action within the committee, but rather in anticipation of the difficulty which the bill is likely to encounter when it reaches the floor for full House action.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY,
House of Representatives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Humor Within Melodrama

THE PRICE OF DIAMONDS. By Dan Jacobson. Knopf. $1.45 (paper).

By ROBERT GUTWILLIG

THE *Price of Diamonds* is Dan Jacobson's best book to date. And that is saying quite a lot, for *The Trap* and *A Dance in the Sun* were both compellingly vivid, beautifully written little stories alive with the heat and the tension of Mr. Jacobson's South Africa. But in this new short novel Mr. Jacobson has extended his range. He has engaged characters — fully developed individuals — who operate freely within the typically melodramatic framework of his action, and he has shown himself to be a humorist of the first order.

Manfred Gottlieb and T. H. Fink have been business partners and close friends for fifteen years when the story begins. They live in a perfectly ghastly little South African diamond-mining town, but are not concerned with diamonds: not concerned until one day, when Fink is away, a slightly maniacal messenger delivers a small box of uncut diamonds. Gottlieb becomes convinced that Fink is mixed up with the highly Illicit Diamond Buying ring, and Fink, for brilliantly persuasive reasons of his own, does not inform his friend to the contrary. Mr. Jacobson leads Gottlieb through a series of harrowing and hilarious misadventures with his wife, the I.D.B., the police, and poor Fink, who suffers a concussion to both his head and his pride, until at the end the two partners have evaluated the price of diamonds and the price of friendship in a perfect scene that is simultaneously revealing and moving.

Gottlieb and Fink are wonderful characters, wonderful in their Jewishness and their universality, their congruities and their idiocyncrasies. They are the creations of a strikingly observant and original mind. Mr. Jacobson notes that "to every marriage there is a strategy," and the strategy of the Gottlieb marriage is tenderly and amusingly drawn. Riva Gottlieb, "a foolish woman," is another of the author's triumphs; a type and yet unique, she is familiar and still breath-takingly fresh. Manfred's and Riva's conversations invariably end up like this.

" 'I am a man that people must listen to.'

'Yes, Manfred.'

'I am not an ordinary fellow.'

'Oh no, Manfred.'

'I have my powers, and my ambitions, too.'

'I suppose so, Manfred.' "

It is the reviewer's business to find fault. Therefore, it should be pointed out that the novel falters when it deserts Fink and Gottlieb for two minor characters. They are not uninteresting in themselves or even poorly drawn, but they simply cannot compete with our heroes. One supposes that Mr. Jacobson wanted to "fill out" characters who are necessary only as plot devices. This is an admirable enough notion, but he has erred on the side of over-development, and the reader's attention is unhappily fragmented.

In *The Price of Diamonds* the theme or moral issue is raised in the first chapter by the messenger who cries, " 'Then I can't stand being joined onto so many people. It's being joined onto them, and knowing that they think of me, that starts these mad things. Why do they think of me? Why don't they leave me alone? Do I want to be joined onto anyone?' He dropped his voice and answered his own question. 'I do. That's the trouble . . .' " This theme does not seem so much pursued as it seems an integral part of the life of the characters and the life of the novel. This, Mr. Jacobson tells us, is what living is all about. And he tells it well.

Making Truce With Reality

THY WEDDED HUSBAND. By Mary O'Connor. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

VERY right-minded readers are prone to complain that no one writes books about good, ordinary people, people neither neurotic nor conspicuously sinful. Few do write such books, it is true, and those who attempt them often produce dreadful nonsense.

Not so Mary O'Connor. With understanding probably born of experience, she gives us the story of an English wife, middle-aged, middle-class, mid-twentieth century. So common is the lot of Mollie McPhillips (and so skillful and sympathetic her creator) that she assumes the proportions of a contemporary universal.

Mollie is the wife of Harold, successful London barrister whose work, golf and pub visits allow him too little time at home. She is the mother of four, two away at school. She is the mistress of a suburban house, which she runs with the aid of a Swiss girl "living in" and a "daily" for cleaning. She reads *The New Statesman and Nation,* lunches in town, sees an occasional play, but most of her life is bound up in snatches of her husband's company and vast stretches of tedium in the company of the rest.

The McPhillipses are also Catholic (their elder son is at Downside) and they take their religion as seriously as possible in a world where, Mollie reflects, Advent is turned into an avaricious scramble, Christmas into a feast of the belly, and all major liturgical landmarks into Bank Holidays consecrated to staying late in bed. Sunday Mass is often attended with hangovers, and gin augments prayer in helping the McPhillipses through each day.

There is little enough else to augment the McPhillips' prayers. Their personal friends include no priests or religious, and their fellow laymen live as they do. Unembittered, firm in her faith, Mollie notes that her Anglican friends worship

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

n an antique gem of a church, while her family hears Mass in a newly built brick monstrosity—and who knows when it will be paid for. The sermons to which she listens with as much attention as her small children allow are miserably concocted of platitudes. She never says so, but spiritually she nearly starves.

Sensitive to these Catholic considerations, Mollie is beset by practicalities, too. The son at his "posh" school strains the budget and she is upbraided for an overdraft at the bank. Her Harold remarks that he never sees his house by daylight. Home on a holiday, her children dissolve their reunion in bickering. On that day she remembers a priest who once told her that a woman's joy should be in the society of her children, and wishes that he might experience the joy of it for a day.

Taken up by a super-efficient neighbor, she suffers herself to be organized, and for some weeks knows for the first time the location of every pin, rag, teaspoon and paper clip in her house. Bewildered, her younger son asks, "Where do the mittens live now, Mommy?" On the crest of housekeeping success, she observes sadly that she is now too busy keeping track of the dust mop to know or care for any larger issue.

Mollie walks through London shops reminding herself that concupiscence is sin, that she must not mind that the negligees and frocks and jewel boxes on display were made to delight other women. The pure joy she sometimes experiences with her family is quickly plowed under by discoveries about the bank balance, about her husband, about the gifts of generous relatives which usually turn out to be the wrong ones. She overworks to entertain unwanted guests; she knows the crushing boredom of young children's company; her days revolve around the axis of what to get for lunch.

Her battles with all of these problems, with the unstated deep alarm at growing older, and with the growing realization of the solitude of the individual soul eventually make her ill; but she recovers, to much the same truce with reality indicated in Beatrix Beck's *Prix de Goncourt* novel, *The Passionate Heart*. The terms of her recovery are perhaps of special interest to wives and wedded husbands like the Harold of the rather unfortunate title. Their friends might be interested, however, and one would like to recommend it to many of the clergy as well.

Lessons of the London Blitz

THE WINTER OF THE BOMBS. By Constantine FitzGibbon. Norton. $3.95.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

IS SEVENTEEN years a long time or a short? Constantine FitzGibbon writes of the winter of the first London blitz because for the young "it must seem remote as Mafeking; even London's scars are at long last vanishing, and the dome of St. Paul's that presided over it all will soon be once again hidden by new buildings filled with money and pieces of paper." He tries in this book to describe what the blitz really was like, piecing together a wonderful mosaic of townscapes, making a composite pointillist view that is exceedingly valuable because the fires of yesterwar are becoming as remote as the snows of yesteryear.

For what is most important and significant about this book is the historical perspective it gives. What was expected and what actually happened are carefully set down, side by side, along with what the German general staff planned and why they planned it.

It seems unbelievable now that the total weight of bombs dropped by the Germans on Britain in World War I amounted to some 300 tons, which caused almost 15,000 casualties, one-third of them fatal, giving a figure of 16 killed per ton of bombs. But so it was, and the Air Staff of Britain, therefore, from 1924 on, reckoned casualties per bomb as around 50, of which one-third would be fatal. The figure of 50 casualties per ton was confirmed by reports from Spain, and the Air Staff estimated, before the blitz began, that German bombs would result in 600,000 killed and 1,200,000 wounded in the first six months. The estimated need for hospital beds in London was between one and two million. The actual figures of casualties for the entire first winter of the blitz, from September 1940 to May 1941 was 90,000 casualties, of which 20,000 were killed and 25,000 seriously injured.

The dislocation feared was extreme: Mr. Churchill grimly prophesied the countryside swarmed over by wounded hordes, half a million houses destroyed, and several million people fleeing, dirty, diseased, crazed. Then, too, the poor at the beginning of the war were pretty solidly pacifist: their general attitude was, why should *we* fight for *them?* And over two million evacuated themselves at their own expense from the cities. The Government expected a mass exodus of some three and a half million from inner London, and their first Civil Defense measures were fumbling attempts to control or direct this mass.

It was on Saturday, September 7, 1940, well over a year after the outbreak of hostilities, that the bombing of London began, at around 4 p.m. Over three hundred German bombers, escorted by about six hundred fighters, left the French coast. They rained over three hundred tons of high explosive, and many thousand incendiaries, on the docks and on the slum streets around them that housed the dock workers and their families. So great was the glow that ten miles away the great column of smoke looked as though all London was ablaze, and the Dean of St. Paul's said that inside the Cathedral the light was such that he had never seen the stained glass windows as then. All night long, while all London's firebrigades vainly tried to fight the monstrous fires, the enemy came over in continual waves, dropping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bombs into the heart of the flame. Between 5 p.m. and 3 a.m. about a thousand people were killed, and during the night raid not a German plane was shot down. Goering boasted, "Our air force delivered its thrust right into the enemy's heart."

Mr. FitzGibbon points out how wrong Goering was. "He had not struck at the heart but rather at the hide of this great, gray, city which sprawls, shapeless as a whale, about its river. His darts had hurt. But what had he achieved? A child dismembered in Bermondsey, a timber fire in Poplar, a plague of flies in West Ham, a blazing pipe in Chelsea. Multiply that a thousand times, and it is still not a great wound, let alone a mortal one, to a city the size of London. But it was a wound."

And he describes how the Londoners grew accustomed even to the horrors. He retells the now familiar story of the incredible recovery of nerve; of the almost cozy life in the subways; of the theaters, jam-packed though horridly vulnerable; of the growing efficiency of the Air Force, that finally was able to stop daylight raids completely. He writes of all the incidents that went to making up the uniqueness of London. Of the direct hit on the huge pub, with the booze pouring into the street, and one old man with a cup scooping it out of the gutter; of the old woman, buried for hours, swearing while her rescuers wondered where such a nice little old lady learned words like that; above all, in story after story, he writes of the grit of the anonymous *Lumpenproletariat,* underfed, undersized, living often three and four to a room, who were the heroes and heroines of the Blitz, enduring unbelievable terror and horror night after night. On December 29, for example, a Sunday, "the whole of London seemed involved in one great circle of overwhelming disaster. . . . One could not distinguish buildings through the great clouds of smoke, except when there was a sudden spurt of yellow flames which lit up a church tower, and it seemed impossible that London could be saved."

Finally, an end came to the blitz on May 11, 1941 though, of course, at the time no one knew it. ". . . as the firemen put out the night's fires, as the wardens and rescue parties dug for the buried, as the ambulances rushed the wounded and dying to hospitals and the mortuary vans collected the dead, as the housewives once again swept the glass from their doorsteps and the dust and rubble from their floors, no Londoner could know that it was over. Twenty thousand Londoners never did know, for the bombs and the fires had sent them to sleep, forever, in their London clay."

What had the blitz proved? It had proved Churchill was right, when he had said, twenty-five years earlier, that the terrorization of civilians is unlikely to win a war. For at no moment did civilian morale in London—or anywhere else in England—crack. What are the chances that it would crack, here in America, and now, under an atomic attack? That is just what New York City's 125,000 civil defense workers would dearly like to know. The present aims of Civil Defense are modest: to keep the streets clear, so that once the attack is over, be there one, two, three or six million dead, there may be some chance for the rescue squads to attempt their work.

To all who wonder what might happen here, Mr. FitzGibbon's account of what did, in London, is heartily recommended.

Academic Dunciad

PURELY ACADEMIC. By Stringfellow Barr. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

By RICHARD HORCHLER

IN HIS FIRST novel, a satirical exposé of American higher education, the eminent academician Stringfellow Barr chews conscientiously on the hand that feeds him. *Purely Academic* represents university life as an utterly absurd burlesque—to be laughed at by the knowing, and maybe to be wept over.

The vehicle for Professor Barr's message is a flimsy but briskly-paced story of a typical academic mouse who untypically turns into a man. The mouse is Professor Henry Schneider (the novel's subtitle, sounding an appropriate note of literary trumpery, is "Or, Professor Schneider's Revenge"), who is chairman of his department, academically speaking a successful man, but "prematurely middle-aged, sickly, unhappily married, in debt, and terrified by the prospect of twenty or thirty years more of the same paltry guerrilla warfare with life." Schneider is hen-pecked and defeated, trapped and frustrated in the useless pretense which is the life of a teacher. He mourns the debasement of his noble calling, and despises himself for collaborating in its prostitution.

And then the transformation.

Janssen wants to see you!
FAVORITE DINING LANDMARK of N.Y. Since 1898
German American Specialties
Janssen's
Lexington Ave. at 44 St.
Open Every Day for Lunch & Dinner
LE 2-8661

Classified

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs. IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC. 870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th) New York

Chesterton and Belloc

• All Chesterton's and Belloc's Books 250 Titles, Free Catalogue. Presser, 3118 N. Keating, Chicago 41, Ill.

Statues

• Every kind of religious statue and painting done to order. Reasonable. ST. BENEDICT STUDIO Westport, Conn.

Caricatures

• Your caricature . . . excitingly captured by professional artist. 8x11. Send two snapshots. $2.00 KOKES ART STUDIOS. Dept. B. 7616 Davis Circle, Omaha 14, Nebraska.

Advertising

Classified
$1 a line (6 words)
Two-line minimum

Classified Display
$10.78 per inch (minimum)

Time discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

Payable in advance except when ordered through recognized advertising agencies.

The Commonweal
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
MUrray Hill 3-9685

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Into the stale atmosphere of bogus scholarship sweeps a mischievous wind from The Great World outside, carrying the odors of things that are *real* (like money and liquor and women and fat cigars and good food), and Schneider casts off his shackles. He draws the strength to do this from the words and example of a teacher who had the sense and courage to give up teaching for a life of well-paid, hard-headed cynicism. The secret of success in the academic world, says the emancipated ex-teacher, is to accept the fact that education is a contemptible farce: "Take it lightly. When in Rome, show the Romans a trick or two. Or quit Rome, get a decent salary, and get some reading done."

Liberated by his new knowledge, Schneider shows the Romans a whole bagful of tricks, and success, as predicted, rains upon him. Ultimate beatitude—twenty thousand a year as consultant to a foundation—comes as the result of a lively series of academic machinations and adventures, affording author Barr ample opportunity for satirical swipes at everyone and everything in university life. Every campus beast known or imagined is ticked off, in a kind of educational *Dunciad:* the vacuous co-ed, the amiably stupid athlete, the assistant professor obscenely on the make, the grandly scheming departmental empire-builder, the fund-raising device known as the president. The elementary plot affords opportunity, too, for frequent declamations on institutional evils like vocationalism, the elective system, the administrative slogans "print or perish" and "the customer is always right."

The earnest preachments on subjects like these make for something of a problem in tone, however, as wicked irreverence is now and then dropped in favor of an incongruous sententiousness. And a similar inconsistency mars the treatment of the principal character. Sometimes Schneider is the central figure of a farce; sometimes he is a conventionally romantic hero. As part of his liberation from timidity and frustration, for instance, the professor treats himself to some wholesome, straightforward adultery, and this episode becomes a tender, sentimental idyl. The tone of this section is simply wistful, wholly untouched by irony.

All in all, however, Professor Barr has written an entertaining and possibly useful little book. It is, of course, designed as therapeutic satire, but in addition to its elaborate iconoclasm it offers quite a good deal of plain, malicious fun. The academic characters are knowingly drawn, the dialogue is consistently witty, and the lampooning, if not very subtle, is impressively enthusiastic.

RUSSELL KIRK
Author of *The Conservative Mind*
is now editing *MODERN AGE:*
A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
Quarterly—$3.00 a year
"Speaks out forthrightly"—*London Times*
FREE COPY ON REQUEST
Write Foundation for Foreign Affairs, Inc.
64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840. An accredited college; B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Music, art, secretarial training, journalism, home economics, teaching, speech and radio. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs. Well-equipped buildings. Catalog.
BOX 108, SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, INDIANA

MARYWOOD COLLEGE
Accredited Catholic college for women. B.A., B.S., B.M., M.S. degrees. Liberal arts, vocational home economics, music (NASM), art, secretarial, teaching, librarianship, psych., social service, science, medical technology. Special education. Modern theatre. Gym with largest pool in East. Conducted by Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Catalog. Give date of H. S. graduation.
Registrar, Marywood College, Box C, Scranton, Pa.

LA SALLE Military Academy
Foremost Catholic military preparatory school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college preparation. Grades 9-12. Small classes. ROTC highest rating. Beautiful 100-acre campus on Great South Bay. 75th year.
Write for Catalog.
Box W, Oakdale, L.I., New York

REVIEWERS

Robert Gutwillig is the author of the novel *After Long Silence,* to be published this month by Little, Brown.

Jean Holzhauer contributes to various publications, including *The Critic* and *Today*.

Anne Fremantle is a well-known critic, lecturer and writer. Her latest work is a novel, *By Grace of Love*.

Richard Horchler is an associate editor of The Commonweal.

Educational

INDIANA

Saint Mary's College Notre Dame

Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Academic and professional courses in Nursing. New inter-departmental major in Christian Culture. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind.

NEW JERSEY

Caldwell College

Caldwell, New Jersey. A four year liberal arts college conducted by the Sisters of Saint Dominic. Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Liberal Arts, Sciences, Business, Teacher Training, Library Science, Music. Tuition $350, Board $550. Degrees: B.A., B.S., A.A. Catalogue: The Registrar, Caldwell, N.J.

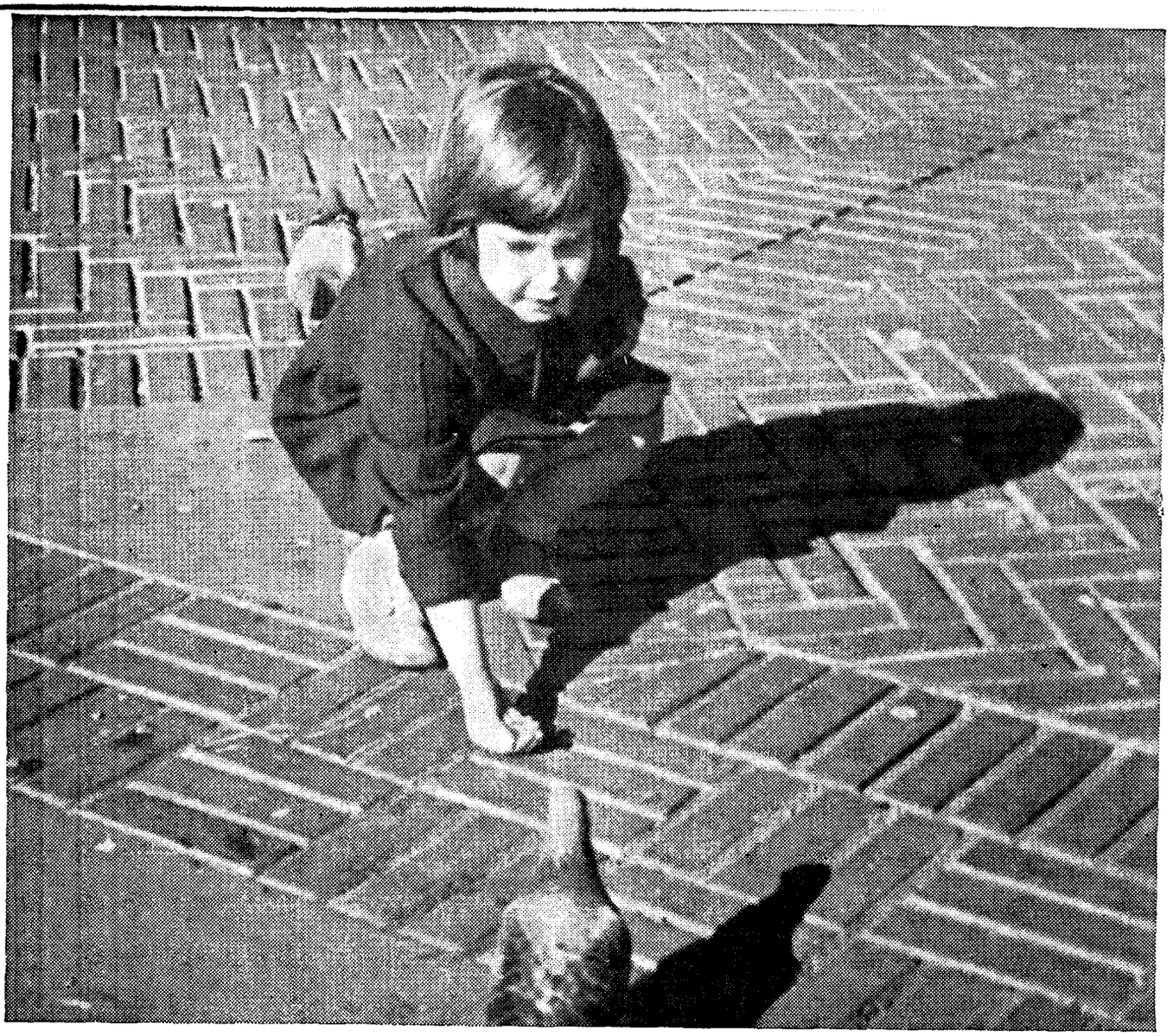
Delbarton School

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

Educational Group Subscriptions

The Commonweal may be ordered in packages of ten or more copies to a single address, for any number of weeks, at half price, 13c a copy. A free copy is added for instructor or distributor. Write: Classroom Subscriptions, The Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IF you have ever watched your child at play—secure, happy, unafraid—you have seen the strongest argument in the world for investing part of every pay in United States Savings Bonds. For bonds, which can protect her present and insure her future, are savings you cannot lose. They're Government-insured up to any amount. They pay 3¼% interest when held to maturity. And they make saving for security easier—because you can buy them automatically through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Or regularly where you bank. Why not start your bond program today? Make life more secure for someone you love.

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers Association.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED